

FOUR  
1507/1098  
Hudibraſtick  
CANTO'S,

BEING

*Poems on Four the greateſt Heroes  
That liv'd in any Age ſince Nero's,  
Don Juan Howlet, Hudibras,  
Dicko-ba-nes and Bonniface.*

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L O N D O N,

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THE  
A R G U M E N T  
O F T H E  
First C A N T O.

**S**IR Hudibras in this first Canto  
Pretends to bring a Quo Warranto,  
Against the House of Commons Charter,  
And takes great Pains to catch a Tartar.  
With Arguments irrefragable,  
He lays about among the Rabble;  
And proves the Wisdom of the Nation  
A Pack of Knaves by Demonstration.  
Shows who were in a French Cabal  
Hatching a Plot t' undo us all:  
Points out the Men that wou'd enslave us;  
And tells us who they are must save us.

A 2

CANTO



## CANTO I.



N *W* ——— *d* a while ago  
 Was Rara S——t and Rara Show :  
 At *Als* ——— *y* a Place i' th' Bottom,  
 (A Burrow full of Rogues, pox rot 'um ;)

A muckle deal of Lownes were met,  
 Who fell into a hot Debate,  
 About the grand Affairs of State.



Their Bus'ness was to give their Votes  
 'Gainst Men that wou'd have cut their Throats :

To



To change our honest Representers,  
 And make us sign to new Indentures :  
 To choose such Burgeffes and Knights  
 As wou'd fet ev'ry thing to rights  
 And quite confound the Jacobites.

He that led up the Cavalcade  
 And countenanc'd the mobbing Trade,  
 Was a bold Knight like *Hudibras*,  
 But had no Beard upon his Face.  
 He had a muckle Gift o' th' Gob,  
 And smoothly cou'd harangue the Mob :  
 As roundly cou'd, to all Intents,  
 Scoundrel our former Parliaments,  
 And tell the Country to their Faces  
 They were a Pack of Fools and Asses.  
 To trust their Bus'ness with such Knaves,  
 Whose Bus'ness was to make 'em Slaves ;

To

To bring in Pop'ry and the French,  
 (Of which he'd good Intelligence.)  
 For Two of them, he says, were found  
 (Whether above or under Ground,  
 I do not know) but this the Knight  
 Does positively affirm down-right,  
 That, for a certain, found they were,  
 (No matter either when or where)  
 Crushing a Bottle with a Friend,  
 That came from *France* for some ill End,  
 And entring a Negotiation  
 With *Lewis* to betray the Nation.  
 This was his Doctrine, now my Muse,  
 Pray tell in short, what was the Use.

For Senators to sit in Garret,  
 Carousing either White or Claret :  
 There with French Ministers to Plot,  
 Their Country sell to pay the Shot ;

Are

Are things will render them, quoth he,  
 Odious to Perpetuity :  
 And therefore leave the House of L—ns,  
 And stick to good Ld. W——n's Chevins.

When he had thus Romanc'd a while  
 In *Billingsgate's* Pathetick Stile,  
 His Speech concluded, down he sat,  
 And very gravely Don'd his Hat.  
 The Gaping Croud prick'd up their Ears,  
 Being fill'd top full of pannick Fears ;  
 And having made some wise Reflections,  
 Proceed to make as wise Elections.

His Oratory mixt with Punch  
 Engag'd the Burrow Men for D——ch :  
 His melting Rhet'rick was of force  
 To turn a Mare into a Horse,

And

And make a Poor unthinking Tool,  
First play the Knave and then the Fool.

From his perswasive plastick Tongue  
Vast Numbers of new Voters sprung,  
Like Mushrooms out of rotten Dung.  
Happy was he that had a Burgage,  
Tho' loaden ne're so fore with Mortgage;  
For tho' ev'n by his own Confession  
'Twas in another Man's Possession,  
Yet if he Votes to please the Knight,  
*Ralpho* concludes the Vote is right.

He cou'd by Negromantick Pow'r  
Create a Burgage in an Hour:  
And then pronounce that Burgage good,  
Tho' built where never Burgage stood.

Thus



Thus the bold Hero won the Cause,  
 In spight of Justice and the Laws ;  
 But whether he got it right or wrong  
 Must be accounted for e're long :  
 And we perhaps may find a time  
 To tell another Tale in Rhime.

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 The
 

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THE  
 ARGUMENT  
 OF THE

Second CANTO.

**D**ON Juan being, by Over-sight  
 Of Nature, made a Bird of Night;  
 But by a strange Caprice of Fate  
 Being Humaniz'd by an Estate;  
 He'll needs (to be reveng'd of Nature)  
 Set up to be a Legislator;  
 And undertake to represent  
 The Tribe of Owls in Parliament:  
 On purpose to affront the Senate,  
 And all the wise Men that are in it;  
 To metamorphize humane Souls,  
 And turn all Mankind into Owls.  
 Now that which raises all this Dust is,  
 To save a Nest of Rogues from Justice.

CANTO



## CANTO II.

**T**His Scene presents unto your Sight  
 A Squire that fain wou'd be a Knight.  
 A Prodigy he is in Nature ;  
 A Monster or Amphibious Creature :  
 Which was intended first for Man ;  
 But Nature soon forsook that Plan,  
 And finish'd not what she began :  
 For making up some Work in haste,  
 And her Materials be'ng mis-plac'd :  
 (Humans and Brutes together cast)

Unluckily she takes that Mind  
 Which was for Worship full design'd,  
 And by Mistake infus'd his Soul  
 Into the Organs of an Owl,  
 Which by the Rules of Generation  
 Was just prepar'd for Animation.

To make the Squire some Recompence  
 She takes that little Stock of Sense,  
 Some call an Owl's Intelligence ;  
 And gently breathes it into *John*,  
 Who must have either that or none,  
 For his own Intellect was gone.

The Howlet's Eyes and Brains convey'd  
 Into the Caverns of his Head,  
 She made him what Men use to call  
 A mere unthinking Animal,

For



For it was never her Intent  
To rig him out for Parliament.  
That little living Soul she gave him,  
Was just enough alive to save him;  
Enough to keep his Corps from stinking,  
But not to give the Power of thinking.

She wou'd ha' quickn'd his human Shape  
With th' active Spirit of an Ape;  
Which wou'd have made him like a true Man,  
And very near a kin to human;  
But (as I said) She being in haste,  
The Opportunity was past,  
E're Form of Monkey could be got,  
To Animate the Idiot.

So, pray you, Sirs do not upbraid him  
With what his Stars and Fate have made him,

Nor

Nor blame not us that did desire  
 To have him chosen Knight o' th' Shire.  
 'Tis fittest that such Owls as he  
 Shou'd represent such Fools as we.

We think him not in any wise  
 Able to counsel or advise;  
 That's not the thing for which we love him,  
 For 'tis a Talent far above him:  
 But we have heard it said by some  
 That in a Council held at Rome,  
 There did a Bird like him appear  
 Which put the Synod in great Fear,  
 And struck the Pope with Consternation,  
 That he dissolv'd the Convocation:

For

For this same Cause we wou'd have sent  
 This Bird of ominous Portent,  
 To fright and scare the Parliament.  
 To Ridicule the Senate House,  
 To shame such Meetings out of Use,  
 And to perswade unthinking Rabble  
 That Parliaments are but a Bauble.

Thus, Gentlemen, you know our Mind,  
 And what it was that we design'd :  
 We are not those for whom you take us ;  
 Nor such great Fools as some wou'd make us.  
 It was our Aim and Resolution  
 At once to break the Constitution ;  
 T' unhinge the State, and in Conclusion  
 To bring in Ruin and Confusion,  
 (The only way that can be taken  
 To guard the Heads and save the Bacon :

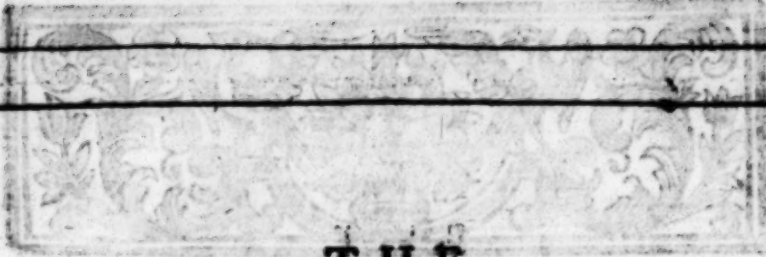
Of

Of those great Men that buy our Votes,  
 To keep the Hatchet from their Throats :)  
 But if all Mankind be not Sots,  
 Both they and we must change our Notes.



The only way that can be taken  
 To guard the Heads and save the Bacon :





THE  
ARGUMENT  
OF THE  
Third CANTO.

**T**HE Story of Dicko-ba-nes;  
His Family, and how he ris'  
How all the Noble Blood he's got,  
Sprung from the great Iscariot.  
And how his Honour, Wealth and Riches,  
Is owing to the Lapland Witches.  
What great Advantages accrue to  
His Worship by his Leagues with Pluto.  
How great his Int'rest is in Hell,  
From whence the Oracles foretell,  
That when Old Death destroys Old Nick,  
His next Successor will be Dick.

Of those great Men that buy our Votes,  
 To keep the Hatchet from their Throats :)  
 But if all Mankind be not Sots,  
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# CANTO III.



Now must sing in Lyriek Strains  
Th' Atchievements and Exploits  
of B——s.

Who (as I find in Heraldry)  
Was one of *Judas* Progeny  
But much a greater Rogue than he.

He has a Conscience like a Horse,  
Insensible of all Remorse:  
Ten Thousand times the unjust Gains  
That *Judas* got ne're troubles B——s.



If all his Sins were set before him,  
 And Hell were gaping to devour him ;  
 When Justice shou'd pronounce the Sentence,  
 It wou'd not move him to Repentance :  
 And as for hanging, he'll not do't  
 Till publick Justice force him to't,  
 Which proves him of a far worse Nature,  
 Than was the tender hearted Traytor.

His Ancestors were very poor ;  
 And so had he been to this Hour,  
 If Wickedness had thriv'n with him  
 No better than it did with them.  
 The chief of all his Kins were nought,  
 For pick and choose, you might have bought  
 Twelve Toppers of 'em for a Groat.

The Line of his Descent had stood  
 Not long in Old *Isca*riot's Blood,

Till it was bastardiz'd with worfe  
Than his who us'd to bear the Purse.

His great, great Grandfire turn'd a Jew,  
As almost every Body knew,  
Who when he had renounc'd the Faith,  
He travell'd (as my Author saith)  
As far as *Lapland*, where he wedded  
A Witch of great Repute and Credit;  
By her he had a Son and Daughter,  
Who, about Thirteen Years after  
By an incestuous Copulation  
Laid the indelible Foundation,  
Of B——s's wicked Generation.

Since that time downward, all that Race  
Have openly defy'd all Grace,  
And with the Devil enter'd Leagues,  
To further His and Their Intrigues.

This

This Famous Man of whom I sing  
 Holds under that *Tartarian* King  
 Places, which, for the Father's Merit  
 Perhaps his Children may inherit :  
 Places of Honour, Profit, Trust,  
 Which *Satan* (cause he finds him just  
 And true to's Interest) has given  
 To Recompence his Loss of Heaven.

He's Secretary to *Abbadon*,  
 Which several Devils wou'd be glad on ;  
 Viceroy of all the Reprobate  
 In *A* ——— *by* and *Sc* ——— *te* :  
 Attorney General of Hell,  
 And Places more than I can tell.

He's Prolocutor to the Club  
 That's holden under *Beelzebub*,

Where

Where Lies and Oaths and Perjuries;  
 All Sorts of Frauds and Forgeries;  
 Are coyn'd and sent through every Region  
 To choak and extirpate Religion.

He's Supervisor of the Stowes,  
 And takes due Care that none abuse  
 The honest Rogues and Whores, but nourish  
 Their Bastards and their Lusts encourage.  
 For this his Sal'ry is a Whore  
 Or Two, or Three, it may be Four,  
 As Stock of Jilts is less or more.  
 All these great Places he has still  
 Discharg'd with so much Art and Skill,  
 And manag'd them with so much Brav'ry,  
 That Hell it self admires his Knav'ry.

In short the Dev'l (if he please)  
 May stay in Hell and take his Ease,

Enjoy



Enjoy himself among his Fiends,  
 And trust his Bus'ness to his Friends :  
 As long as B — is his Vice-gerent  
 In whom all Vices are Inherent.  
 His Kingdom's safe enough, for Dick  
 's as much a Devil as old Nick.  
 Can mouth an Oath with as much Grace  
 And swear a Lie down in your Face  
 With as much Impudence as He,  
 And cheat, perhaps as dexterously.

Had *Satan* been at our Election  
 And seen with what a true Affection  
 His trusty Servant did his Work,  
 (Far beyond either Jew or Turk)  
 How many Freeholds he created ;  
 What Perjuries he propagated ;  
 What Villanies himself did do ;  
 What Sins he tempted others to,

I'm satisfy'd his Royal Highness  
 Had been so taken with his Slyness,  
 That he wou'd have resign'd his Throne  
 His Regal Scepter and his Crown,  
 With all the boundless dark Abyss  
 To this Beloved Son of his.

And if he gets not that Preferment  
 Before or after his Interment,  
 Nick undervalues his great Parts,  
 And is not just to *Dick's* Deserts.

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This

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THE  
ARGUMENT  
OF THE  
Fourth CANTO

**T**His Canto undertakes the Story  
of one that's neither Whig nor Tory,  
Nor Fish, nor Flesh, nor Man, nor Beast ;  
Nor ought that well can be exprest.  
A Thing, for Intellect and Features  
Quite different from all other Creatures.  
A kind of Maggot (as 'tis said)  
From rotten Lump of Chaos bred,  
And hatch'd into a Sham Creation  
By Cacodæmon's Incubation.

No further cou'd the Poet trace  
Th' Original of Bonniface.  
So, not being able to expound him,  
He's forc'd to leave him where he found him.

D

CANTO



## CANTO IV.



Tay Gentlemen, if't be'nt too late,  
 I've yet another Bear to bait ;  
 A cole black-Bear, as black as foot,  
 Only some red about his Snout :  
 A Bear of Blood, hight Dr. *Dutchman*,  
 If ev'r you've heard of any such Man.  
 A little, Dapper, Cocking Fellow,  
 In Gown of finest Hair Prunello :  
 With Tippet too of A-la-mode,  
 Full 3 Yards long, and half Yard broad ;  
 Canonick Sash with pond'rous Tassels,  
 Like one of *Lucifer's* own Vassals :

As



As great a Huff by all Concession  
As ever was of his Profession.

What's in him you may soon presage  
By reading of his Title Page.  
His Face cut out of Copper Kettle,  
Shows him to be a Man of Mettle,  
You have not often seen a *Phyz*  
So radiantly Rich as his.  
The Luminaries of his Noddle  
By conversing so much with Bottle,  
Have suck'd so many fiery Vapours  
As make 'em look like lighted Tapers,  
Or like a brace of blazing Stars,  
Prognosticating Plagues and Wars.  
Under those flaming Comets grows  
The Promontory of his Nose,  
Which by the fierce Malignant Beams  
Of outward Heats and inward Streams ;

Is grown so hot, that in a Minute,  
 'Twould fire your A — if it were in it.

I do not meddle with his Ears,  
 Because (for any thing appears)  
 He has none : For I'm sure of this  
 His Luggs by Law are none of his :  
 He's in Possession still, 'tis true ;  
 But then the Pill'ry wants it's due.

But 'tis not my Design to dwell  
 O' th' Outside of his Mortal Shell,  
 We'll draw the Curtain, if we can,  
 And see what Stuff's within the Man.

He shou'd ha' been by's Education  
 As great as any Man i' th' Nation,  
 And so he is in some Relation.

I' th' first Place he's as great a Sot,  
 Perhaps as e're held Nose to Pot :  
 And secondly a greater Afs,  
 For ought I know, than *Balaam's* was.  
 As great a Shame to his Degree,  
 As ever *Titus Oates* cou'd be :  
 As great a Scandal to his Gown,  
 As lives in Country or in Town :  
 As great a Dunce, as great a Knave  
 As any Man wou'd wish to have.  
 I'd almost said a great Divine too,  
 But that's a Thing he's not inclin'd to :  
 The Learning he affects the most is,  
 The Parson's Law or Country Justice,  
 For which he has a great Ambition,  
 And therefore once was in Commission,  
 By Order from the Crown and Quistrion }  
 Then

Then was he great upon my Word,  
 And thought himself, at least, a Lord,  
 Cou'd talk of nought, ev'n at his Meals,  
 But clapping People by the Heels,  
 Committing honest Folks to Prison  
 Sans either Justice, Law or Reason  
 As B——s committed Boys for Treason.

Besides he has as good Pretence  
 To Courage as he has to Sense:  
 He has prodigious Stock of Valour,  
 Is brave and stout as any Taylor,  
 Yet does not often use that Talent,  
 But when the Vermin's got pot valiant;  
 He then dares freely show his Rage  
 To those he's sure dare not engage;  
 But never exercises Cane  
 On any that dare turn again;

That



That might be reckon'd, I confess,  
 Not Courage but Fool-hardiness;  
 For what wise Man wou'd lend a Blow  
 To one that may return him Two?  
 Who wou'd bury Honour at the Rate  
 Of bloody Nose or broken Pate?  
 That Man's too much in Love with War,  
 That ventures his Calf Skin so far,  
 For Men of deepest Penetration  
 Always commend Self-preservation,  
 Which he has learn'd to Admiration.

His Prudence gives allay to's Courage,  
 As White-wine's cool'd by Sprig of Borage:  
 He's never in so great a Heat  
 But he prefers a safe Retreat  
 Before the Risque of being beat.

Before

Before he ever makes attack  
 He looks to see who's at his back;  
 And if his Party's Ten to one,  
 Most furiously he leads them on:  
 If not he cautiously forbears,  
 And dares not meddle for his Ears.  
 By this means (to his Praise be'tspoken)  
 He keeps his Bones from being broken.  
 But, to proceed (if't be not Nonsense)  
 Let's talk a little of his Conscience,  
 Which is a huge devouring Beast,  
 That swallows much but has no Taste:  
 It finds no Difference of Gust  
 Twixt what is wrong and what is just:  
 He never reckons ought unlawful  
 That swells his Bags or fills his Maw full.

As

As *Mahomet*, inspir'd by Pigeon,  
 Made up a Hotch Potch of Religion,  
 And fram'd a senseless Alcoran  
 From Christian, Jew and Mussulman :  
 So this Impostor has a Shred  
 Of all Religions in his Creed.

He's either Christian, Jew or Pagan ;  
 Can worship either Ark or Dagon ;  
 Can wag his Tail and fawn and fickle  
 Either for Church or Conventicle.

When Tender Conscience is in Fashion  
 He's Tooth, and Nail, for Toleration :

But when the Mitre's in Request,  
 He's then for Penal Laws and Test.

He is not wedded to th' Opinions  
 Either of Papists or Socinians ;

E

Tho'

Tho' he could freely close with either,  
 Or swallow both of them together,  
 With Puritan and Independant,  
 He's either Plaintiff or Defendant,  
 According to the modern Cant,  
 At present he's a Protestant :  
 But will continue so no longer  
 Than Whigs are thought to be the stronger,

In short, he's even what you please ;  
 He's Any, All, or None of these  
 As P ——— nt G ——— nt Decrees ;  
 I cannot say he's This or That,  
 Nor tell you what he wou'd be at ;  
 He is not (modestly averring)  
 Eith'r Fish or Flesh, or good red Herring ;

I must



I must confess, for all my Pains,  
 A shapeless Club he still remains :  
 I cannot get the grieved Guest  
 Lick'd either into Man or Beast.  
 He's certainly the oddest Thing  
 That ever did from Matter spring :  
 The strangest Lump of Flesh and Blood,  
 That e're was whelp'd since *Noah's Flood*.  
 I'm sure we meet with no such Creature  
 In *Adam's* Antient Nomenclature :  
 Therefore he is (as I conjecture)  
 No Part of Nature's Architecture :  
 No Member of the Old Creation,  
 But of some other Generation :  
 Some Piece of *Chaos* that had spar'd  
 (After the Universe was rear'd)  
 Not worth the Architect's Regard.

For

For me, he must, and shall and will,  
Remain a Lump of *Chaos still*;  
No Mortal Man knows what to make him;  
And so let him that owes him take him;

He's certainly the oddest Thing  
That ever did from Matter spring:  
The strangest Lump of Flesh and Blood,  
That ever was in Nature bred.  
I'm sure, in all the World,  
There's none so odd as he.  
No Part of his Creation  
But of some other Generation;  
Some Piece of Clay that had form'd  
(After the *United Nations*)  
Not worth the Architect's Regard.



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